

DUEL OVER MARBLE CARICATURE OF "DOLLAR DUCHESS" LATEST SPECTACLE IN YANK HEIRESSSES' EXPLOITS ABROAD

DUKE OF TORLONIA IS VICTOR IN SWORDPLAY OVER AMUSING INSULT

Nobleman Excommunicated by Pope Is Fifty Years Old, But His Blade Was More Vengeful Than That of the Young Count Lovatelli, Whose Fancied Slight of the Former Miss Elsie Moore, of New York, Brought the Two Men Upon the Field of Honor.

WHEN American dollars marry European titles the elite of European society watch askance. For continental aristocracy, with many incidents on which to base its attitude, expects that the acquisition of a new American millionairess among its titled group is the forerunner of some spectacular event.

Some days ago, in Rome, such an incident occurred. Europe was treated to the sensation of a duel between a duke and a count over an insult to a former American girl.

The melodramatic duel was the outcome of a thrilling scene that threatened for a time to disrupt a brilliant society ball in Rome, and the disgraceful episode at the ball was, in turn, the outcome of a spectacular work of sculpture perpetrated by the count in pique against the duke and his American wife.

DUEL FOLLOWS INSULT.

The characters in this play of emotions were the Duke and Duchess of Torlonia and Count Lovatelli, a sculptor of note in Italy. Their escapade has recalled other wild events in which American women of dollars figured as principals. Strangely, one such, the former Dorothy Deacon, was a witness of the scene that interrupted the ball and was as chagrined as other guests, though she herself years before had chagrined many in Rome society by her prank at a social function.

The injured pride of the duchess, the former Elsie Moore, of New York, was at stake in the duel. The battle on the field of honor was the climax of a clash between her husband and the count at a brilliant charity ball held at the Grand Hotel under the direction of Mrs. Richard Washburn Child, wife of the American ambassador to Rome, and Lady Sybil Graham, wife of the British ambassador to Italy. The subsequent duel on Aventine Hill was inevitable according to the code of aristocracy.

Count Filippo Lovatelli has more than a national fame. The Duke of Torlonia is Don Marino Torlonia, Duke of Poli, Duke of Gaddagnola and Prince of Civitella-Cesati.

His wife, known in Rome as "The American Dollar Duchess," was Miss Elsie Moore, daughter of Charles A. Moore, of Manning, Maxwell & Moore, of New York city, whose fortune was built up under the guidance of the late "Diamond Jim" Brady. The lavish entertainments of the "Dollar Duchess" have for years been among the most brilliant social events in Rome and often have been of a startling nature in their spectacles.

JACK DE SAULLES' FIANCEE.

A number of years ago Miss Moore was engaged to Jack L. de Saulles, the noted football star. The engagement was terminated. De Saulles was shot to death a few years ago by his wife.

Miss Moore and Torlonia were married on August 15, 1907, at the country estate of the bride's parents, Belle Orchard, Greenwich, Conn. Once established in Rome the American bride lost little time in establishing herself in society.

Her first great triumph was in 1910, when she and her husband gave the most elaborate function Rome society had attended in many years. The duchess was radiantly beautiful at the ball she staged in the Excelsior Hotel and easily held her own among the most aristocratic women in Roman society, all superbly gowned and blinding with jewels.

SHOWER OF TREASURES.

Ambassadors of America, England, Germany and Austria, were among the guests. Princes and dukes and counts were there in force. Titles were in almost every greeting. Princess Helen of Serbia was so delighted with the event that she exclaimed: "Oh, dear, I wish Donna Elsie would manage the affairs at the palace!"

The leading Rome journal, *Triumfo*, reported:

"The wonderful shower of a thousand and one trifles—costly once—lace sachets, gold cigar cases, emerald, pearl and ivory

toilette requisites, and a hundred different articles of fancy were carried in a vast silk-lined repository and distributed by Baron Morpurgo among the guests with a gesture recalling divine Jupiter falling in a golden shower in the white arms of modern Danae. The last magnificent figure was that of Donna Elsie Torlonia, who appeared radiant in youth and beauty in the sudden darkness which enveloped the room and who in turn distributed rare and exotic flowers from an immense corbeille borne by pages."

The conflict dates back to last summer, when the "dollar duchess" commissioned Count Lovatelli to preserve her beauty in marble. He began work at once in his studio. There were many sittings. Often the subject was accompanied by General Garibaldi, grandson of the famous liberator, who was posing for a bust.

When the work was completed and exhibited in the count's studio it excited the admiring comment of Rome's art critics. They declared that the sculptor had succeeded in imparting to the marble real warmth and had portrayed in the duchess' face and carriage the indomitable and conquering spirit of the western world in which she was reared.

DUKE SPURNS BILL.

The count sent his bill. The duke spurned it. The duke offered \$35 in full payment. Count Lovatelli told friends that if an American girl was willing to pay millions for a duke of advancing years there should be no hesitation about meeting his bill. He displayed bills showing that the marble in its raw state had cost him more than the money the duke offered for the completed work.

The duke was obdurate. So the count went to work with his chisel again. He worked secretly but persistently. And when he had done he invited the same critics to his studio. They were aghast and amused. The work of art had been transformed in a few expert strokes into a caricature. The "indomitable spirit of the western world" had been removed. The face had been made a composite of horrible features.

An ornamental ily had disappeared from the right hand. In its stead stuck forth an American dollar. All Rome buzzed with the gossip.

DUCHESS EFFORTS VAIN.

Of course the American duchess was chagrined. She tried, indirectly, to buy the caricature. Her agents offered sums many times that which the count once had hoped to get for the original statue. But the sculptor was having a determined revenge and he would not sell at any price. He threatened, indeed, to place the statue on display in a store window as a merchandise advertisement.

The feud waxed bitter and intense. Friends of both took sides and society in Rome split into factions.

Thus it was that the clash on the night of the ball was certain to take place. For two or three hours nothing transpired. Then the guests turned startled eyes upon the two men.

The white gloves in the count's hand suddenly whistled through the air, leaving a scarlet streak across the duke's swarthy cheek. The noted sculptor at the same time flung his fingers into the black, silken beard of his antagonist.

SHOTS FOR REVENGE.

Women in low-necked gowns and long trains, clad in diamonds and ropes of pearls, excitedly drew back from the struggling pair. Men in the room separated the fighters and turned them over to their respective friends.

Count Lovatelli, shouting for the duke's life blood, was carried from the room, still struggling to get at his opponent.

The hysterical duchess hurriedly withdrew in shame and anger, weeping in the arms of consoling



*Countess Palffy
formerly Dorothy Deacon
of Boston*

friends. The triumph she had builded during a period of years was disrupted in a night.

Ambassador and Mrs. Child moved among their guests, assuring them the squabble was over and there was no cause for alarm. The red-coated orchestra struck up the strains of an enticing waltz, endeavoring to lure the guests back to dancing.

And one of the most interested spectators through it all was the Countess Palffy, of Hungary, formerly Miss Dorothy Deacon, of Boston, and until recently the Princess Radziwill, who herself had some years before startled a society function in Rome with a weird escapade.

The sensational incident that marred the ball required battle on the field of honor. Seconds, of course, were appointed. The duke was fifty but eager to fight. The sculptor was five years his junior and equally hot-blooded for a chance to get "satisfaction."

Now the rigid police regulations of Rome, as elsewhere, prohibit dueling. But it is customary, nevertheless, that a question of honor among gentlemen of the old line be settled in the time-honored manner. Always, in event of a death in dueling, the surviving member manages to escape from the country.

DUKE WOUNDS COUNT.

The police learned of plans for the duel, but could not determine time or place. These facts were held secret by the few who were to be at the scene.

The principals succeeded in evading the police watch and went to the field shortly after dawn. Swords had been chosen. The duke was a bit out of practice. But his lack of training was compensated for by his earnestness of attack.

Both men showed ferocity, yet were cool and determined and deliberate. Four times they launched attacks and each time parried thrusts successfully.

Then they lunged toward one another a fifth time. Steel blades flashed. One was brushed aside and the other pushed on to the opponent and sliced its way deeply into his right arm.

The arm was that of Count Lovatelli. The winning thrust had been made by the older man, the duke, husband of the insulted American woman.

Usually opponents in a duel shake hands and are reconciled.



Princess Miguel of Braganza formerly Anita Stewart of New York

But these two men were bitter to a point that permitted no such outcome. The duke seethed with anger at recollection of the caricature. He turned his back on his vanquished foe and left the field. He had secured revenge and hastened home so to inform his American wife.

DOROTHY DEACON'S FEAT.

Rome has since been recalling the famous escapade of Dorothy Deacon. Probably as the former Boston girl, now a Hungarian countess, gazed at the thrilling scene on the ballroom floor, there came back to her mind the vivid event of years ago.

It was in Rome, in February, 1913, Dorothy Deacon, then Princess Radziwill, had become a prominent member of society. She was a guest at a ball in the Excelsior Hotel. The cotillon started at 1 o'clock in the morning under

the guidance of Prince Bandini and Duke Mondragone.

Suddenly the orchestra broke off in the middle of a strain. Couples were requested to be seated. A hush fell on the assembly. From the far end of the ballroom a chariot, magnificently garlanded and sparkling with electric lights, drawn by a little bay thoroughbred, entered the room.

In the chariot was seated the princess. The former Dorothy Deacon was reclining gracefully in the character of an animal trainer-unafraid. On one side reposed a magnificent leopard, blinking in the dazzling light. On the other was a lusty young lion, who shook his shaggy mane at the astounded and gasping guests, some of whom were chagrined at the exploit, some frightened and others delighted.

The young and audacious woman in the chariot was prodigal in her caresses. But a trainer with a revolver lurked in the background, furtively watching every twitch of the animals' muscles, and his whip ever alert.

Women suppressed screams and held their breaths. The chariot made a tour of the room. Then as the princess smilingly drove out of the place there was a roar of enthusiasm from the men and women of the women. But those who knew that a single snap of the jaws would have dealt death enjoyed no more of that night's function and departed in trembling indignation. The others remained and congratulated the princess.

That was merely one of the many exciting incidents that of late years have made up the life of the princess: a life for long unhappy. North by the sea and south by the sea.

*Duchess Marino Torlonia
formerly Elsie Moore
of New York*

Princess Radziwill, the former Miss Deacon had to make her own fight to gain entrance into society in Rome, where her husband and his mother had settled with others of the old Russian aristocracy.

But her personality gained her a hold on society that the antagonism of her titled mother-in-law could not shake off. Eventually the two were reconciled and the elder princess did not cut off her son in her will, as she had for years threatened because of his marriage to Miss Deacon.

GETS VATICAN ANNULMENT.

A few months ago the Boston woman induced the Vatican to grant an annulment, alleging her mother had forced her marriage to the prince. Her charge is believed to have found support in the frigid nature of her wedding in London in 1910. The match had been maneuvered by the girl's mother in a long fight to regain a standing in society that her alleged misconduct had lost to the girl's mother. The wedding had once been postponed. When the ceremony was actually performed the attitude of the bride was so apparently hostile that those who attended whispered it was a loveless marriage on the bride's part, though the prince had for many months ardently wooed her.

A second title has recently come into the Deacon family, for Dorothy's sister, Gladys Deacon, is now the Duchess of Marlborough. Though no longer Princess Radziwill, Dorothy Deacon is still titled, for she is today a countess, her second marriage following a month after the annulment.

The father of these two titled American women was Edward Parker Deacon, of Boston. In Paris he shot to death a man he had seen in his wife's apartment. Deacon served a year in jail, the court being lenient because of the circumstances. On his release Deacon got a divorce and his former wife resumed her old name and became Mrs. Baldwin.

DEACON'S SAD FATE.

Deacon returned to America. He died in 1901 in an insane asylum. His wife for a long time was barred by society. But she made a determined fight for recognition in Europe and gained her first momentous victory with the match between Dorothy Deacon and Prince Radziwill.

The Princesses of Braganza—there are two of them—are other

American women who have had spectacular careers since acquiring titles. One of them was formerly Mrs. Philip Van Valkenburgh. As the "Ten Million Dollar Widow" she had acquired fame in this country. This description was applied to her in 1907 on the death of her seventy-year-old husband, William H. Chapman, to whom she had been married just a year. In 1911 she became Mrs. Van Valkenburgh. They were divorced in 1914.

A woman of beauty and great wealth, she was sought persistently by many suitors here and abroad. But in 1917 she yielded to the suit of Prince Braganza, Duke of Oporto and brother of King Carlos of Portugal, the ruler who was assassinated.

The prince died early in 1920 in Italy while in exile from Portugal. "SILENT" SMITH'S DAUGHTER.

Though possessed of one of the foremost titles in Portugal, the American woman, during the exile of the house of which the husband was the head, was barred from its territory. It was not until her husband's death that she was permitted to enter the country. The Government of Portugal in an official decree had established the house of Braganza as exiled.

The other Princess of the title is the former Anita Stewart, daughter of William Rhinelander Stewart. Her mother is Mrs. Jean St. Cyr, who was the widow of James Henry "Silent" Smith, from whom she inherited many millions.

Anita Stewart is the wife of Dom Miguel de Braganza, pretender of the throne of Portugal and therefore a potential Queen of Portugal. Miss Stewart and the Prince were married in Scotland in 1909. At the time it was said the Prince was seeking American money with which to finance a coup to gain the throne but the money was not forthcoming. The former Anita Stewart has for years hoped that some day her husband might succeed in becoming King, thereby making her a Queen.

"Old Hickory's"

War Sword Sold

By a Descendant

LOS ANGELES, March 18.—Sale of a sword once owned by Andrew Jackson to the Hermitage Association, of Nashville, Tenn., for \$5,000, by Andrew Jackson fourth, was announced here.

The weapon, which swung from the belt of Jackson at New Orleans, was one of 619 relics which repose in Los Angeles under the care of Andrew Jackson fourth. All are bits of the life story of the bluff warrior-President of the republic, dubbed by his enemies, "King Andrew."

Among the 393 distinct papers and 226 articles such as pipe, cuspidor, hymn books and Bible of President Jackson owned by his descendant who came to this city recently after serving with the A. E. F. in France, are: "Old Hickory's" last will and testament.

His Masonic apron and other emblems.

The release to freedom of a negro slave girl.

Bibles and a hotel bill for brandy are included.

A medallion cautioning youth against the use of alcohol, signed by Presidents Jackson, Madison and Monroe.

Lighting Airway

For Paris-London

Fliers At Night

NOW that the lighting of the "airway" between London and the English coast is approaching completion, the French air authorities have announced the steps taken to equip that portion of the "airway" between the French coast and Paris for night flying.

Along the coast of France from Dunkirk to Etaples, four large marine lights, situated at Dunkirk, Calais, Cape Gris Nez and Etaples, have been converted so that not only do they warn sailors of the proximity of land, but will also act as guides to pilots of night air express.

On land between Cape Gris Nez and the Paris air station Le Bourget, four flashing aerial light-houses have been erected, each of which flashes out, in a series of light and dark periods, a distinctive letter in the Morse code. At St. Inglevert, which is the French coastal customs aerodrome, the letter A is flashed incessantly by a lighthouse in the corner of the aerodrome, whilst at Berck (Paris Plage), Poix and Le Bourget lighthouses spell out the letters D, Z and N respectively.

The pilot of the night air express speeding through the "airway" from Paris to London, as we are promised in the spring, with as many as twenty passengers in its brilliantly illuminated saloon, will not only be able to keep his course by following these lights, but by watching the number of light and dark periods, he will be able to tell exactly where he is.